

**IN paint the best is the**  
cheapest. Don't be misled by  
trying what is said to be "just as  
good," but when you paint insist  
upon having a genuine brand of

## Strictly Pure White Lead

It costs no more per gallon than  
cheap paints, and lasts many times  
as long.  
-Look out for the brands of White  
Lead offered you; any of the fol-  
lowing are sure:

"Anchor," "Morley,"  
"Eckstein," "Shuman,"  
"Armstrong & McKelvey," "Southern,"  
"Beymer-Bauman," "Red Seal,"  
"Davis-Chambers," "Collier,"  
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For Colors.—National Lead Co.'s  
Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

These colors are sold in one-pound cans, each  
can being sufficient to tint 30 pounds of strictly  
Pure White Lead. The tinting shades are in  
no sense mixed with paint, but a combination  
of perfectly pure colors in the lead itself. To  
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both free.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.  
Chicago Branch,  
State and Fifth Street, Chicago.

## Democratic-Northwest AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS

ONLY in India and Germany do the  
railroad earn more than 5 per cent  
on their capital, the average being 3 1/2.

If some folks could hear themselves  
talk they would probably position the  
Most High to be stricken dumb.

Let us be true; this is the highest  
maxim of art and of life, secret of  
eloquence and of virtue, and of all  
moral authority.

The arbitrary person, the untruth-  
ful individual, the honest debt dodger,  
the deceitful being, the scandal mon-  
ger and the "I told you so" comforter  
are all on the list of those who never  
will be mourned when they come to  
shuffle off the mortal coil.

### A Hate Spreader.

The A. F. A. seeks to spread hate;  
it thrives by fear, and its only weapon  
is untruth. Such an organization is  
out of place in America, and should  
not be tolerated. In this land we can  
only go forward as we leave hate be-  
hind. Let Protestants, Catholics and  
lovers of truth everywhere, be willing  
to strike hands for good, and let us  
say as united people, that in this glori-  
ous land there is no room for a secret  
society that seeks to spread broadcast  
hate and fear! For if we sow hate  
we must reap hate. We awaken in  
others the same attitude of mind that  
we hold toward them. "With what  
measure ye mete it shall be measured  
to you again."

### He Had Experience!

Jeweler—You say you want some  
name engraved on this ring?  
Young man—Yes; I want the  
words "George to his dearest Alice"  
engraved on the inside.  
Is the young lady your sister?  
No, she is the young lady to whom  
I am engaged.  
Well, if I were you I would not  
have "George to his dearest Alice"  
engraved on the ring. If I should  
go back on you, you could not use the  
ring again.  
What would you suggest?  
I would suggest that the words be  
"George to his first and only love."  
You see, with that inscription you  
can use the ring half a dozen times.  
I have had experience in such matters  
myself.

### Beware of the First Mistake.

The fall of Erastus Wiman has oc-  
casioned much comment. Mr. Wiman  
was one of the most popular and most  
respected men in New York City.  
He had the full confidence of the peo-  
ple and could command immense sums  
of money. So much did men trust  
him that any scheme which he identi-  
fied himself with was sure to obtain  
all the financial aid necessary. He  
was regarded as the very pink of  
honor. So long as the good time last-  
ed he was above suspicion; when the  
financial breakers roared he was dis-  
covered to be a forger. Men at first  
refused to believe it, but his own con-  
fession put all doubt at an end. He  
has now been tried and found guilty;  
the jury could do nothing else; his  
crime was aggravated by his high posi-  
tion and the advantage he took of his  
opportunity.

### Here is another illustration of—not

another good man gone wrong, but a  
conscience rascal found out. His  
crimes have extended back over a  
long period of years, and has been en-  
deavoring ever since to hide them.

### What's warning! What a lesson

there is in such cases for every man.  
The straight and honest path is the  
only one to pursue. Erastus Wiman,  
one of New York's most respected and  
prominent men must don a prison  
garb; no one especially desired to see  
him sent to the penitentiary, but the  
good of society demanded it.

### JEAN CASIMIR-PERIER.

Elect of President of the French Re-  
public.

Versailles, June 27.—Casimir-Perier  
was this afternoon elected presi-  
dent of the French republic, in suc-  
cession to M. Carnot, the victim of  
anarchistic hate. The election was by  
the senate and chamber of deputies  
acting as the national assembly in the  
great hall of the palace of Versailles,  
that has been the scene of so many  
historic events, one of the most recent  
of which was the proclamation Jan-  
uary 18, 1871, of the victorious King  
William of Prussia as emperor of  
Germany.

The hall was filled with spectators  
an hour before the session began, and  
among the assemblage were many  
members of the diplomatic corps, M.  
Cassimel-Lacour presided, by virtue  
of his position as president of the sen-  
ate. At 1:10 p. m. he called the  
assembly to order and after a sym-  
phonic reference to the late President  
Carnot, read the articles of the con-  
stitution, relative to the election of a  
president, and then declared the na-  
tional assembly open.

No time was lost in proceeding to  
a ballot. The voting was more close  
than had been anticipated. The as-  
sembly consists of about 884 members,  
of whom the senators number 300. The  
first ballot gave M. Casimir-Perier  
451 votes, a clear majority of only  
about 17.

The members of the left held a  
meeting before the National Assem-  
bly met, and decided to support M.  
Brisson. The caucus of Senators of  
the right resolved to vote for Gen.  
Feyrier.

A scene occurred in the Galerie des  
Toucheux, owing to the fact of M.  
Cassimel-Lacour forbidding the jour-  
nalists obtaining an entrance to that  
part of the palace. The journalists  
protested vehemently, but they were  
compelled to retire.

The galleries around the theater in  
which the election took place present-  
ed a brilliant scene. They were  
thronged with ladies in fashionable  
toilettes, the fair sex seeming as much  
interested as the men in the proceed-  
ings.

In these hard times a majority of our peo-  
ple are practicing a more rigid economy  
than for many years. Nearly every family  
has a supply of old garments or goods which  
can be used to advantage in such times and  
made to look almost like new by coloring  
with Magic Dyes. You can depend on  
them for fast colors that will not crack or  
fade out, like most other dyes, and, unlike  
other brands, nearly all the colors will dy-  
e cotton, wool, silk or linen with same package  
(instead of requiring a separate package for  
cotton) which renders them far superior for  
coloring mixed goods. Simple directions.  
Large 10 cent packages of Saxe & Balsey,  
Napoleon Ohio.

Frequently you hear workmen  
brating rich persons for spending  
money, forgetting that the best use a  
person, rich or poor, can do with his  
money is to spend it. Pay it out for  
something produced by labor. Many  
well meaning persons are very thought-  
less. They abuse a man because his  
labor, thrift and care have provided  
him with money. If he pays this  
money for a home that has utilized the  
labor of hundreds of men, many of  
them with the money they have been  
paid yet in their pockets, swear at the  
man who is paying them simply be-  
cause he is rich. Better encourage  
the rich to buy articles from the ones  
who produce labor, and thus the la-  
borer in time becomes rich, if that is  
any object.

A horse kicked H. S. Shafter, of the Free-  
mer House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee  
which left him in bed and caused the  
knee joint to become stiff. A friend recom-  
mended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm  
which he did, and in two days was able to be  
around. Mr. Shafter has recommended it to  
many other and says it is excellent for all  
kind of a bruise or sprain. This same reme-  
dy is also famous for its cures of rheuma-  
tism. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napo-  
leon, Ohio.

### MATRIMONIAL.

A foreman figure she was. She was sit-  
ting on her trunk at a landing on the  
banks of Red river, waiting for the down  
boat. About her was a group of amused  
but sympathetic bystanders, and she  
was telling them her story.

"I answered it in good faith," she said.  
"Here is my advertisement. I put it  
out in a matrimonial agency paper."  
She took the clipping from her pocket  
and read it aloud, her black eyes snap-  
ping dangerously.

"I am a widow, 35 years old. I have, with my  
two little girls, upon my cotton plantation. I  
have 1,000 acres, more or less, my own un-  
encumbered property, situated on the beautiful  
Bayou St. Louis. I have a nice cottage home  
embowered in vines, with gardens, shrubs,  
cows, horses and saddle horses, flowers, fruit  
—every comfort except a wife. With a view to  
supplying the deficiency, I ask a correspond-  
ence with some respectable gentleman, hoping  
to persuade him to

"I answered that advertisement," said  
the black-eyed girl sitting on the zinc  
covered trunk.

"I was a teacher in a small private  
school in New York. The work was hard;  
the pay was poor. I had a stepmother  
at home and a household of small half  
brothers and sisters. I wanted to get  
away. I—I had had a—disappointment—  
the black eyes filled—and I was un-  
happy. I had read 'Jane Eyre' and I  
really thought that man might be an-  
other Rochester. We corresponded. He  
gave the postmaster as reference. I

was a strong politician, and he answered  
that Mr. Gravelle's character and stand-  
ing were all right. He had a good farm,  
he was honest and paid his debts.

"Mr. Gravelle wanted me to come on  
and be married at his home. I drew  
what money I had saved out of the sav-  
ings bank, sold my watch and came on.  
My stepmother was glad to get rid of  
me. I got here yesterday. He had said  
he would meet me at this landing—it  
would be a pleasant ride out to his cot-  
tage. I had written a letter just before  
I left, saying when I would arrive. I  
found nobody to meet me. I asked the  
way to Mr. Alexander Gravelle's. No-  
body could tell until an old dandy sung  
out:

"That straggler 'twas man's mean old  
Sandy Gravelle. He live back here in the  
swamp, but he ain't got no c-a-g-e to send  
for nobody. Got nuthin' but ear-ty.  
Hills here now. His son Ben don't live  
to get some perversion."

"Has he a son?" I asked.  
"Got a son? 'Twas the an-  
swer. 'All done married but Ben.'"  
My mind misgave me, but I had no  
place to go to—no money, so I hunted up  
Ben and told him I was going to his fa-  
ther's house. He was freckled, patched,  
stupid looking young man. He looked  
at me with eyes and mouth open in  
amazement and was so bashful that I  
refrained from asking questions. I never  
hinted to Ben that I had come on to be  
his stepmother.

"On we drove, over stumps and roots  
and gullies—through mud and swamps.  
I seemed to be 30 miles. At last we drew  
up before a dingy, two roomed house  
with a shed at the back. A few ragged  
peach trees and a neglected grapevine  
were the only green things in the yard  
beside the weeds. A woman was milk-  
ing a scrawny cow in front of the gate.  
She had her back to us and a sunbonnet  
on. Two shoddy headed, barelegged chil-  
dren sat on the fence. They gave the  
alarm when they saw a stranger in the  
car, and a man, who had been squatted  
in a fence corner holding off the calf got  
up and came toward us.

"That's pap," said Ben.  
"He looked near 60, than 85. He was  
grizzle and emaciated. He came up to  
the car. He was agitated and chewed  
his tobacco wonderfully fast. I got up  
from the floor seat."

"I am Amelia Jones."  
"He turned very red and told his son  
to carry the key of the door into the house."  
"I want to see you," he said. "It's  
so long since you wrote."  
"You have deceived me," I burst out.  
"You said you had a nice home, em-  
bowed in vines and fruit trees. You  
said you were 35. You said you had  
only two little girls. You said you were  
rich!"

"No, I didn't," he interrupted. "I said  
I had 1,000 acres of land—so I have—  
though a big part of it is swamp. Across  
the creek make folks rich in these parts.  
This ain't New York. I said I was 35.  
I didn't say I was a few years over, for  
I'm gay and young enough for any wo-  
man. I said I had two little girls livin'  
with me—said nuthin' about the boys.  
They're all big fellows and married and  
gone, 'cept Ben. As for the house, ain't  
that a good home—double you and a  
shed to boot! Don't look unless it rains  
and gets a first rate chimney. And ain't  
there a vine! And what's the matter  
with them peach trees—ain't there  
fruit?"

"And do you imagine any young wo-  
man in her senses would marry you and  
live here?" I cried.

"Do I? Well, there's no imagination  
about it. There's three women have  
married me and lived here. Two of 'em  
died and buried, and yonder stands  
'tother. I couldn't hear from you. I con-  
cluded you was playin' me a Yankee  
trick; couldn't wait nohow. So I mar-  
ried Miss Susan Barnes, and if you say  
she ain't a young woman in her senses,  
why, she—"

"Why, I'll show her—she's what I'll  
do," said Mr. Gravelle. So, dropping  
her milk pail and rolling up her sleeves  
as the enemy to the side of the cart.  
"I begged Ben to drive me back to the  
river, and here I am—waiting to take the  
first boat. I've played the fool, and I'm  
punished. It's crushed all the silly ro-  
mances out of me. How I'm to pay my  
passage, I don't know. I'll offer to do  
chambermaid's work."

"But this Miss Amelia Jones was not  
forced to do. 'Ole Sandy Gravelle' came  
to the front. He proved to be not such  
a bad lot after all. He rode up presently  
on a lony mule and promptly gave  
the little 'Yankee' chambermaid enough  
money to pay her passage back, with an  
additional sum to cover the expense of  
her coming. He had drawn on his cot-  
ton crop. He looked cast down and  
sheepish. He explained to his friends in  
this wise:

"I was a fool—a doggone fool, but I  
meant it all honest. I put a little rose  
color over things in that advertisement.  
It's the way you do in the papers, so that  
young postmaster said. He put me up to  
it. He wrote the ad and the letters. I  
really expected to marry her, but I'd  
given my promise to Susan in a kinder  
joky way, and she held me to it. I didn't  
hear from 'tother one. Boy was up and  
critters all in the plover, and I ain't  
been to the postoffice in a full six weeks.  
The awful sorry to disappoint the girl,  
but, Lor' sake! she wouldn't wait! Nice  
looking—a fair daisy—but Susan  
couldn't get all around her doin' house-  
work, let alone takin' a hand in the crop,  
in the press of choppin' out or cotton  
pickin'."

Miss Jones did not return to New York  
at once. She remained in the neighbor-  
hood several weeks, hospitably entertain-  
ed by old Captain Stewart, a war vet-  
eran, and his wife. She very nearly de-  
cided to become the governess of the  
captain's little granddaughter and eat  
her lot with the "big hearted southern-  
ers," as she called us, in spite of her ex-  
periences with the eccentric widower of  
Bayou St. Louis.

But one day there came to her a letter  
from the handwriting, Amelia turned first  
pale, then rosy red. It was from the  
recoiled lover, and he asked to be for-  
given and taken back.

Womanlike, she was ready to forget  
her wrongs. She took leave of the friends  
she had made under such queer circum-  
stances and returned to her parson.

How the Magnolia Springs told a  
good customer is told by John V.  
Smith, a prominent Oldfellow, Woon-  
er, who says "I had doctored and do-  
ctored without benefit, for sleeplessness  
and nervous rheumatism with pains all  
over me, until had decided to go to the  
Magnolia Springs. Mr. Laubach ad-  
vised me to try Dr. Wheeler's Nerve  
Vitalizer and before had used all the  
second bottle my rheumatism and sleep-  
lessness were entirely cured." Sold in  
Napoleon by Saur & Balsey.

### LITTLE CHERUB.

Surely never was there more gallant  
shipper than Captain William Innes of  
the British freighter British Prince, and  
harder laborer than Charles I. Lastadine.  
The shipper is from New-  
castle-on-Tyne and has followed the sea  
35 years, or since he was 10 years old.  
He has a fine brown beard, and the re-  
solute voice that comes through it might  
be heard above the strongest gale's  
howl. The boatwain is a young  
Swede, who has suffered shipwreck more  
than once. But the captain and all the  
ship's company never thought of him as a  
foreigner, but as a fellow sailorman  
with a big heart.

The British Prince when laden has less  
freedom than the common freighter  
from Mediterranean ports. So when she  
crosses the windy seas she sometimes  
braves her fo'c'sle head in the ferment.  
She has a rough voyage from Gibraltar,  
and her coal got so low in the bunkers  
that Captain Innes decided to put in to  
St. Michael, in the Azores, for a fresh  
supply. There he found stancher steam-  
ships than his that had lost lifeboats and  
headgear and had many inches of water  
in their holds.

The British Prince made good weather  
of it from the Azores until she was about  
400 miles east of Sandy Hook. A gale  
came howling out of the southwest,  
coming up seas that in the picturesque  
language of the skipper, looked like  
"granite cliffs." Darkness was just set-  
ting in. The cook wanted some fresh  
water and, like most cooks, being a  
landman and somewhat timid, he asked  
the boatwain to get it for him. The  
pump of the fresh water tank is on the  
main deck under the foremasthead. It  
was hazardous to attempt to get at it  
while the seas were boiling as they were,  
but water must be had, and a sailorman  
must be a sailorman. The boatwain de-  
termined to get it. The sailorman got a bucket,  
and running forward dodged under the fore-  
cassle head. Boatwain Lastadine went  
out on the flying bridge to take the bucket  
from the sailorman when the chance  
offered—that is, when there was little  
probability of a sea coming immediately  
aboard forward.

The flying bridge is a board walk with  
a rope railing run between 2 inch  
stanchions, connecting the fo'c'sle head  
with the forward part of the hurricane  
deck. The main deck is seven feet be-  
low. The boatwain intended to reach  
down, grab the bucket and run aft along  
the flying bridge to the hurricane deck,  
leaving the sailorman under the shelter  
of the fo'c'sle head to take another  
chance between seas.

"I had just got ready," said the boat-  
wain, "to take the bucket, when the  
ship began to pitch. I looked up, and there  
over the port bow I saw such a sea as  
I hope I may never see again. I knew  
it was coming aboard, and I knew I had  
no chance to get out of it. If I ran  
aft, I thought, it would pick me up be-  
fore I got off the bridge and carry me  
away. So I thought the best thing to do  
was to make fast to a stanchion of the  
flying bridge. So I wound my arms and  
legs around it, hugged as hard as I knew  
how and lowered my hand to take the sea.

"Everything seemed to give way when  
the sea hit me. I might just as well  
have caught hold of rope yarn as that  
stanchion. I thought it was all up with  
me and the British Prince until I found  
myself on the crest of a wave striking  
the ship, which was riding as if  
she had shipped only a bucketful. I  
struck the water maybe five fathoms off  
the starboard bow. I saw the form of  
the second officer—Thomas Jones—on  
the bridge as I swept along the ship's  
side. He grabbed a lifebuoy from the  
rack, and I saw it come sailing toward  
me. It was a good shot, or I might not  
be telling about it now. The buoy almost  
struck my head. I grabbed it and forced  
it over my shoulders and under my arms.

"As I was swept aft along the star-  
board side of the ship I saw Captain  
Innes running forward. He saw me  
too, for he shouted: 'Keep up a stout  
heart. We'll save you if we can.' But  
it was getting very dark, and I was three  
ships' lengths astern before anything  
could be done about the ship. My heart  
sank, and I gave myself up for lost. I  
was being struck out for the ship, but  
when I saw her going ahead I stopped all  
effort to save myself. But it takes a long  
time to stop and reverse engines, and  
pretty soon I saw the ship backing to-  
ward me.

"That made my heart bound, and I  
yelled with all my might and tried to  
make some headway against the sea,  
which sometimes turned me over and  
over. I was afraid that the ship would  
back against me, and that I would be  
sucked under by her propeller and  
drowned or killed by the blades. I saw  
the propeller whirling in the air when  
over the ship went down into the trough  
of the sea. I shouted, 'Don't back on top  
of me,' as I thought they couldn't see  
me in the darkness.

"The ship drew nearer and nearer,  
the captain keeping me on the starboard  
haul. All the men had gathered at the  
starboard rail, and as the ship passed me  
they hoisted lines and buoys to me and  
shouted to me to keep up heart. I was  
close within half a fathom of the star-  
board rail when a sea swept me forward  
and clear around the bow on the port  
side, but I never lost my head. I kept  
before the ship could be stopped, and I  
almost lost hope again. But I kept sing-  
ing out and could hear the voice of the  
captain and the cheers of the men com-  
ing down on the wind.

"The captain couldn't see me, but he  
took my bearings from the sound of my  
voice by a star, and coming around he  
steamed down toward me, and going  
around me came up on my starboard.  
I was full of salt water and so played out  
and cold that I hadn't much strength  
left when I saw all the men gathered  
along the port rail waiting to save me.  
The mate threw a life buoy and a line,  
and I caught it and put it on. I caught  
another line, too, fearing the first one  
might be carried away, and that's all I

remembered when I reached all the  
men cheering. Up to that I thought I  
was still in the sea."

"Congratulations, good friends. I am  
married to Jack and happy as a queen.  
Tell this, please, to Mr. Alexander Gra-  
ville. He may suffer some lingering re-  
morse for 'disappointing' me, and I bear  
him not a bit of ill will."—Mary E. Bry-  
ce in Atlantic Constitution.

### Mother Have You a Baby?

If so, get from your druggist to-day for 2  
cents a bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Every  
baby often has distressing colic. Dr. Hand's  
Colic Cure gives immediate relief by remov-  
ing wind from the stomach and quieting the  
nerves, giving peaceful sleep. Mothers, think  
of the worry and anxiety this saves you. If  
your baby is teething, Dr. Hand's Teething  
Lozenges for 25 cents cures and relieves all  
pain.—Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon,  
Ohio.

### STOP AND REVERSE.

"Stop and reverse" were flashed to the  
engine room, and the captain's voice  
rang out. All hands to starboard with  
lines and buoys! All hands were there  
even before the mate came.

"Our only hope in saving him lay in  
picking him up with the ship," said the  
captain, "for no boat could live in the  
sea that was running. I have seldom  
seen anything like it. The gale was so  
high that it combed down the crests, and  
all the water we shipped was solid green.  
When I backed the ship down to the  
bow, I saw him struggling bravely in  
the seas. He had the life buoy that the  
second officer threw to him under his  
arms, and his body was well out of wa-  
ter. I determined to save him if he  
could hold out until I could fetch him  
alongside. We missed him the first time,  
and he was carried forward again, and  
how to the port side. He kept up lusty  
shouting, and we answered back.

"We were going ahead a bit, when he  
was whirled around to starboard, and as  
the night had well set in, and I could not  
see half a ship's length away, we soon  
lost him. But I turned on the bridge  
and got the bearing of his voice by a  
star, and I kept that star in sight when I  
put the helm hard a-starboard and bore  
down in the direction of the star. We  
had lost his voice altogether, but as we  
steamed toward the star we heard it  
faintly over the rush of the wind and the  
crash of the seas. We caught sight of  
him too late to pick him up as we  
were steamed past, so we came up with  
the wind again, with the bow on our port  
hand.

"We steamed slowly, so the men  
ranged along the port rail, each with a  
line or a buoy, had a chance at him. I  
knew by the cheer that went up that he  
was saved, and I felt like cheering my-  
self. He was just half an hour in the  
water, and if he hadn't been a plucky  
man he would be there now. The poor  
fellow didn't know he was safe for a min-  
ute or so after he was hoisted aboard. He  
hung to the rail so tightly that the men  
had to break his grip. He shook with  
the cold like a leaf. I took him below  
and gave him three glasses of brandy  
and some hot coffee. Then the steward  
rubbed him down with whiskey, and he  
was good for work next morning."—Ex-  
cerpt.

### A WOUNDED AMAZON.

Standing apart in dumb, deep agony,  
With none of all her warring sisters near,  
With none to help her or console her here,  
She pays the price of those who would be free.  
Hast thou, who in thy proud virginity,  
A maid to such glory hadst not fear,  
Fought that such glory might be bought too  
dear  
When one, who should have aided, wounded  
thee?

Yet, gazing on these where thou standest now,  
He whom no Amazonian arms could quell  
Before daim unwarred womanhood would bow,  
Until thy lifted eyes should re-engage  
The fierce of whose for latest stories told  
That he and thou forevermore must wage.

—Alfred W. Benn in Academy.

### WAS HE A COWARD?

"Oh, Cousin George," said Mrs. Fit-  
ters as they walked into the house from  
the garden, "I do wish Harry were not  
such a coward."

"Are you quite sure that your hus-  
band is?"

"Well, last night I thought I heard  
burglars in the house, and do you know  
I positively believe he was afraid to go  
down stairs."

"Didn't he go?"

"No; he insisted that it was only the  
cat and refused to get up."

"And did it happen to be thieves,  
after all?"

"Oh, no. As a matter of fact, it was  
the cat, as he suggested. But I think it  
would have been more manly if he had  
gone, don't you?"

"Perhaps as he was convinced that it  
was the cat it was not necessary."

"Still I admire pluck in a man, and I  
shan't have nearly so much confidence  
in Harry's bravery as I once had. Now,  
I want you to do me a great favor. Will  
you promise?"

"Anything in reason, my dear Kate."

"Well, I want you to play the bur-  
glar tonight. I will give you the key to  
the back door, and you must come in  
between 1 and 2 o'clock and put the  
lower part of the house in disorder, just  
as if thieves had broken in and ran-  
sacked the place."

"But suppose Harry hears me?"

"I shall, of course, see that he does.  
But I am sure we shall find that he will  
be afraid to stir out of his room."

"Yet, if you should be mistaken, it  
would be rather awkward for me. He  
is a powerful man."

"I assure you it is perfectly safe,  
George. If Harry shows any disposition  
to go down stairs, I have only to insist  
on his staying to protect me, and he is  
certain to allow himself to be persuad-  
ed."

"Might he not fire at me out of the  
window?"

"There isn't such a thing as a revolver  
or a gun in the house."

"Very well, Kate, I will do as you  
wish, but you must not blame me if

anything goes wrong."

"Oh, it's so good of you, George. We  
shall just see what Harry is made of.  
It will be such fun for me. By the way,  
Harry ought to be home before you  
let me stroll down the road to meet  
him." As they passed out of the house  
Harry Fitters rose from the high back-  
ed chair on the other end of the room,  
where he was dining when they first en-  
tered, and from which place of conceal-  
ment he had heard, with great amuse-  
ment—for he was a very good natured  
man—the whole conversation.

"A pretty little plot, Mrs. Fitters,"  
he said to himself, with a laugh. "I  
will, as you say, be 'such fun'!"

"Harry! Harry!"

"Yes, dear. What is it?"

"I am sure there's a burglar in the  
house."

"Listen! Yes, by Jove, you're right  
this time. Keep quiet while I put some-  
thing on. I'll make it hot for him."

"Harry, I believe there are at least  
three of them!"

"As long as they don't exceed that  
number I don't mind."